

T H E No 26  
TEMPEST.

A

COMEDY.

By Mr. *William Shakespear.*

---

COLLATED and CORRECTED by the  
former EDITIONS,

By Mr. *POPE.*

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D U B L I N:

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## Dramatis Personæ.

**A** Lonso, *King of Naples,*  
Sebastian, *his Brother.*  
Prospero, *the right Duke of Milan.*  
Anthonio, *his Brother, the usurping*  
*Duke of Milan.*  
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*  
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*  
Adrian, and Francisco, *Lords.*  
Caliban, *a Salvage and deform'd Slave.*  
Trinculo, *a Jester.*  
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*  
*Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Ma-*  
*riners.*  
Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*  
Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*  
Iris,  
Ceres,  
Juno,  
Nymphs,  
Reapers, } *Spirits.*

SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*



T H E





THE  
TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard: Enter a ship-master, and a boatswain.*

*Master.*

*Boatswain.*



*Boatsf.* Here master: what cheer?  
Good, speak to th' mariners: fall to't,  
yarely, or we run our selves a-ground;  
bestir, bestir.

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boatsf.* Hey my hearts, cheerly my hearts; yare, yare;  
take in the top-sail; tend to th' master's whistle; blow  
'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo,  
and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain have a care: where's the ma-  
ster? play the men.

C 2

*Boatsf.*

*Boatsf.* I pray now keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boatsf.* Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you assist the storm.

*Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

*Boatsf.* When the sea is. Hence. What care these roarers for the name of king? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

*Gonz.* Good: yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boatsf.* None that I more love than my self. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your self ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly good hearts: out of our way, I say. (*Ex.*

*Gonz.* I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. (*Exit.*

*Enter Boatswain.*

*Boatsf.* Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. A plague on this howling: (*A cry within.*

*Enter Sebastian, Anthonio and Gonzalo.*

They are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er and drown? have you a mind to sink?

*Sebasf.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

*Boatsf.* Work you then.

*Ant.* Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

*Gonz.* I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

*Boatsf.* Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

*Enter*

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*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*Boatsf.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gonz.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I'm out of patience.

*Ant.* We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal—— would thou might'st lye drowning the washing of ten tides!

*Gonz.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

Mercy on us. *(A confused noise within.)*

We split, we split! farewell my wife and children,  
Brother farewell: we split, we split, we split.

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king.

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. *(Exit.)*

*Gonz.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea  
for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze,  
any thing;—— the wills above be done, but I would  
fain die a dry death. *(Exit.)*

## S C E N E II. *The Inhabited Island.*

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Mira.* If by your art (my dearest father) you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:  
The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkins cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel  
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her)  
Dash'd all to pieces. Oh! the cry did knock  
Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
The † freighted souls within her.

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† *Fraughting*

*Pro.*



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*Pro.* Be collected ;  
No more amazement ; tell your piteous heart,  
There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O wo, the day !

*Pro.* No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee  
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more, or better  
Than *Prospero*, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mira.* More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.* 'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magick garment from me : so !

*(Lays down his mantle.)*

Lye there my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such compassion in mine art  
So safely order'd, that there's no soul lost ;  
No not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink : sit  
For thou must now know farther. (down,

*Mira.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stop't,  
And left me to the bootless inquisition ;  
Concluding, *stay, not yet.*

*Pro.* The hour's now come,  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst remember  
A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Full three years old.

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pro.* By what ? by any other house, or person ?  
Of any thing the image, tell me, that  
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

*Mira.*

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*Mira.* 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me?

*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it  
That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else  
In the dark back-ward and abyfme of time?  
If thou remember'st ought ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve year since, *Miranda*; twelve year since  
Thy father was the duke of *Milan*, and  
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was duke of *Milan*, and his only heir  
(a) A prince; no worse issu'd.

*Mira.* O the heav'ns!  
What foul play had we that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play (as thou sayest) were we heav'd thence,  
But blessedly help'd hither.

*Mira.* My heart bleeds  
To think o' th' † grief that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

*Pro.* My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*——  
I pray thee mark me, (that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!) he, whom next thy self  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state; as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first;  
And *Prospero* the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel; those being all my study;  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported

---

† *Teene*

(a) *And*

*And*

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——  
(Dost thou attend me?)

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom  
To trash for over-topping; new created  
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key  
Of Officer and office, set all hearts  
To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suckt my verdure out on't:—— thou attend'st not?

*Mira.* Good sir, I do.

*Pro.* I pray thee mark me then.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind,  
With that which, but by being so retired  
O'er-priz'd all popular rate; in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature, and my trust,  
Like a good parent did beget of him  
A fallshood in its contrary, as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact; like one  
Who having into truth, by telling it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie, he did believe  
He was indeed the duke, from substitution  
And executing the outward face of royalty  
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing——  
Dost thou hear?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, wou'd cure deafness.

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he plaid,  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute *Milan*; me, poor man!—— my library  
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable: confederates  
(So dry he was for sway) wi' th' king of *Naples*  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,

Subject



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Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Milan*!)  
To much ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O the heav'ns!

*Pro.* Now the condition :

Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell me  
If this might be a brother ?

*Mira.* I shou'd sin,  
To think (c) not nobly of my grand-mother ;  
Good wombs have born bad sons.

*Pro.* This king of *Naples* being an enemy  
To me inveterate, (d) hears my brother's suit ;  
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair *Milan*,  
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon  
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night,  
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open  
The gates of *Milan*, and i'th' dead of darkness  
The minister for the purpose hurry'd thence  
Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.* Alack for pity !  
I not remembring how I cry'd out then  
Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pro.* Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon's, without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mira.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us ?

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench ?  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst nor ;  
So dear the love my people bore : nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business ; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few ; they hurry'd us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd

---

(c) *but.*

(d) *hearkens.*

A

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, nor sail, nor mast; the very rats  
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us  
 To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
 To th' winds, whose pity sighing back again  
 Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.* Alack! what trouble  
 Was I then to you?

*Pro.* O! a cherubim  
 Thou wast that did preserve me: thou didst smile,  
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven!  
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
 Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me  
 An undergoing stomach to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.

*Mira.* How came we ashore?

*Pro.* By providence divine.  
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,  
 Out of his charity (being then appointed  
 Master of this design) did give us, with  
 Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities  
 Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,  
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me  
 From my own library, with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.* Would I might  
 But ever see that man.

*Pro.* Now I arise:  
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
 Here in this island we arriv'd, and here  
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit  
 Than other princes can, that have more time  
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mira.* Heav'n's thank you for't. And now I pray you, (sir,  
 (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason  
 For raising this sea-storm?

*Pro.* Know thus far forth,  
 By accident most strange, bountiful fortune  
 (Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies

Brought

# The T E M P E S T.

II

Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience  
I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop : Here cease more questions,  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,  
And give it way ; I know thou canst not chuse.  
Come away, servant, come ; I am ready now :  
Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

## S C E N E III. *Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure. Be it to fly ;  
To swim, to dive into the fire ; to ride  
On the curl'd clouds : to thy strong bidding, task  
*Ariel* and all his qualities.

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee ?

*Ari.* To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship : now on the beak,  
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,  
And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,  
The yards and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightning, the precursors  
O'th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight out-running were not ; the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*  
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit !  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason ?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid  
Some tricks of desperation : All but mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son *Ferdinand*  
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)

Was



Was the first man that leapt ; cry'd hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.

*Pro.* Why that's my spirit.  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perished :  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :  
The king's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,  
The mariners say, how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour,  
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew  
From the still-veit *Bermoothes*, there she's hid :  
The mariners all under hatches stowed,  
Who with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,  
I have left asleep ; and for the rest o'th' fleet  
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,  
And are on the *Mediterranean* flote,  
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrackt,  
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* *Ariel*, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :  
What is the time o'th' day ?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two glasses : the time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

*Ari.* Is there more toil ? since thou dost give me pains  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now ? moodie ?  
What is't thou canst demand ?

*Ari.*

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.

*Ari.* I pr'ythee

Remember I have done the worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost; and thinkest it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing: hast thou forgot  
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast: where was she born? speak? tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in *Argier*.

*Pro.* Oh, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*  
For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*  
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did  
They would not take her life. Is this not true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by th' sailors; thou my slave,  
As thou report'st thy self, was then her servant.  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers;  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,  
 And left thee there : where thou didst vent thy groans  
 As fast as mill wheels strike. Then was this island  
 ( Save for the son that she did litter here  
 A frekel'd whelp, hag-born ) not honour'd with  
 A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes ; *Caliban* her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so : he, that *Caliban*  
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
 What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans  
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
 Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment  
 To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*  
 Could not again undo : It was mine art,  
 When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
 The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak  
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till  
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,  
 And do my spr'iting gently.

*Pro.* Do so : and after two days  
 I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master :  
 What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

*Pro.* Go make thy self like to a nymph o'th' sea.  
 Be subject to no sight but mine : invisible  
 To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,  
 And hither come in't : go hence  
 With diligence.

( *Exit Ari.*

Awake, dear heart awake, thou hast slept well,  
 Awake.

*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put  
 Heaviness in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off : come on,  
 We'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never  
 Yields us kind answer.

*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.

*Pro.*



*Pro.* But as 'tis  
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho ! slave ! *Caliban !*  
Thou earth thou ! speak.

*Cal.* (*within.*) There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee.  
*Enter Ariel like a water nymph.*  
Fine apparition ! my quaint *Ariel*,  
Heark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. (*Exit.*)

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam ; come forth. Thou tortoise.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Caliban.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With ravens feather from unwholsome fen,  
Drop on you both : a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er.

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first  
Thou stroak'dst me and mad'st much of me ; would'st  
Water with berries in't ; and teach me how (*give me*  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,  
And shewed thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits ; barren place and fertile.  
Curs'd be I that I did so ! all the charms  
Of *Sycorax* ; toads, beetles, bats light on you !  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Who first was mine own king : and here you fly me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest of the island.

*Pro.*

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ; I have us'd thee  
( Filth as thou art ) with human care, and lodg'd  
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child,

*Cal.* Oh ho, oh ho, I would't had been done !  
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else  
This isle with *Calibans*

*Mira.* Abhorred slave ;  
Who any print of goodness will not take.  
Being capable of all ill ; I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning ; but would'st gabble, like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race  
( Tho' thou didst learn ) had that in't, which good natures  
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into this rock.

*Cal.* You taught me language, and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse : the red-plague rid you  
For learning me your language.

*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence !  
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick ( thou wert best  
To answer other business. ) Shrug'st thou, malice ?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee.  
I must obey, his art is of such pow'r  
It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave, hence.

( *Exit Caliban.* )

SCENE

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SCENE V. *Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisibly,  
playing and singing.*

A R I E L's S O N G.

*Come unto these yellow sands,*

*And then take hands :*

*Curt'sied when you have, and kist,*

*The wild waves whist ;*

*Foot it featly here and there, and sweet sprights hear*

*The burthen.*

*( Burthen dispersedly.*

*Hark, hark, bough-wawgh : The watch-dogs bark,*

*Bough-wawgh .*

*Ari. Hark, hark, I hear*

*The strain of strutting chant clere,*

*Cry cock-a-doodle-do.*

*Fer. Where should this musick be ? in air, or earth ?*

*It sounds no more : and sure it waits upon*

*Some god o'th' island ; sitting on a bank,*

*Weeping (a) against the king my father's wreck,*

*This musick crept by me upon the waters,*

*Allaying both their fury and my passion*

*With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,*

*Or it hath drawn me rather ; ——— but tis gone.*

*No, it begins again.*

A R I E L's S O N G.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,*

*Of his bones are coral made :*

*Those are pearls that were his eyes,*

*Nothing of him that doth fade,*

*But doth suffer a sea-change,*

*Into something rich and strange.*

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.*

---

(a) again.

D

Hark



*Hark now I hear them, ding dong bell.*

(Burthen : ding-dong.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father ;  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owns : I hear it now above me.

SCENE VI.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou see'st yond.

*Mira.* What is't, a spirit ?  
Lord, how it looks about ! believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No wench it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses  
As we have ; such. This gallant which thou see'st  
Was in the wreck : and but he's something stain'd  
With grief (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call him  
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Mira.* I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pro.* It goes on, I see, (Aside.  
As my soul prompts it : spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure the goddess  
On whom these ayres attend ! vouchsafe my pray'r  
May know if you remain upon this island,  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here : my prime request  
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder,  
If you be made, or no ?

*Mira.* No wonder, sir,  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language ! heav'ns !  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Where I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How ? the best ?  
What wer't thou if the king of Naples heard thee ?

*Fer.*

# The T E M P E S T. 19

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me;  
And that he does, I wept: my self am *Naples*,  
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebb) beheld  
The king my father wrackr.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes faith, and all his lords; the duke of *Milan*  
And his brave son, being twain.

*Pro.* The duke of *Milan*

And his more braver daughter could controll thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't: at the first sight  
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,  
I'll set thee free for this) a word, good sir,  
I fear you have done your self some wrong: a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? this  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way.

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth; I'll make you  
The queen of *Naples*.

*Pro.* Soft sir, one word more.

They are both in either's pow'r: but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; (I charge thee  
That thou attend me) [*To Ariel*] thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self  
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I'm a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.  
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.

Speak you not for him: he's a traitor. Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;  
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

20      *The* T E M P E S T.

*Fer.* No,  
I will resist such entertainment, 'till  
Mine enemy has more power.

*[He draws, and is charmed from moving.]*

*Mira.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him ; for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

*Pro.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor ? put thy sword up, traitor,  
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike ; thy conscience  
Is all possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father.

*Pro.* Hence : hang not on my garment.

*Mira.* Sir, have pity ;  
I'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence : one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.    What,  
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
( Having seen but him and *Caliban* ) foolish wench,  
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble : I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pro.* Come on, obey :  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are :  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's lots, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdu'd are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o'th' earth  
Let liberty make use of, space enough  
Have I, in such a prison.

*Pro*



*Pro.* It works : come on.

Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel* : follow me.  
Hark what thou shalt else do me.

*Mira.* Be of comfort,  
My father's of a better nature, fir,  
Than he appear's by speech : this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds ; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To th' syllable.

*Pro.* Come follow : speak not for him. [Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E. I.

SCENE *Changes to another part of  
the Island.*

*Enter* Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,  
Francisco, and *others.*

*Gonz.* B Eseech you fir, be merry : you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss ; our hint of woe  
Is common, every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant  
Have just our theam of woe : but for the miracle,  
(I mean our preservation ) few in millions  
Can speak like us : then wisely, good fir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee peace. †

† All this that follows after the words, *Pr'ythee peace*—  
to the words, *You cram these words, &c.* seems to be  
interpolated, perhaps by the players ; the verses then  
beginning again, and all that is between in prose, not  
only being very impertinent stuff, but most impro-  
per, and ill-placed drolery in the mouths of ship-  
wrecked people. There is more of the same sort in-  
terspersed in the remaining part of the scene.

*Seb.*

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit,  
By and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir.

*Seb.* On : tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd  
That's offer'd ; comes to the entertainer——

*Seb.* A dollor.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken  
truer than you propos'd.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
should.

*Gon.* Therefore my lord.

*Ant.* Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue ?

*Alon.* I sprethee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done : but yet——

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager,  
First begins to crow ?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrell.

*Seb.* Done : the wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert——

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ant.* So : you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible——

*Seb.* Yet.

*Adr.* Yet——

*Ant.* He could not mis's't.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate  
temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

*Adr.* The air breath's upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* True, save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks?

How green?

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit——

*Seb.* As many voucht rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being (as they were) drencht in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter *Claribel*, to the king of *Tunis*.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow *Dido*'s time.

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o'that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*!

*Seb.* What if he had said widower *Aeneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow *Dido* said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

*Gon.* This *Tunis*, sir, was *Carthage*.

*Adr.* *Carthage*?

*Gon.* I assure you, *Carthage*.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.*



*Ant.* And lowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

*Ant.* O, widow *Dido* ! ay, widow *Dido* !

*Gon.* Is not my doublet, sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it ? I mean in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there ! for coming thence My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from *Italy* removed, I ne'er again shall see her : O thou mine heir Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee ?

*Fran.* Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside ; and breasted  
The surge most swollen that met him : his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared  
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes  
To th' shore ; that o'er his wave-born basis bow'd  
As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank your self for this great loss,  
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an *African* ;  
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise  
By all of us : and the fair soul her self  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost your son  
I fear for ever : *Milan* and *Naples* have  
More widows in them of this business making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them :  
The fault's your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest o'th' loss.

*Gon.* My lord *Sebastian*,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore  
When you should bring the plaister.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgically.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather ?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord.

*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would I do ?

*Seb.* Scape being drunk, for want of wine

*Gon.* I'th commonwealth I would, by contraries,  
Execute all things : for no kind of traffick  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
Letters should not be known ; wealth, poverty,  
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard none ;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl ;  
No occupation, all men idle, all,  
And women too ; but innocent and pure :  
No soveraignty.

*Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the  
beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine

Would

Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all † foyzon, all abundance  
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

*Ant.* None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, fir,  
T'excel the golden age.

*Seb.* Save his majesty.

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo.

*Gon.* And do you mark me, fir ?

*Alon.* Pr'ythee no more ; thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness, and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you : so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given ?

*Seb.* And it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave metal ; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord be not angry.

*Gon.* No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly : will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy.

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep ? I wish mine eyes  
Would with themselves, shut up my thoughts :  
I find they are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, fir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :  
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

† *Foyzon*, The natural juice or moisture of the grass or other herbs.



*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you : wondrous heavy.

(*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*)

*Seb.* What strange drowfulness possesses them ?

*Ant.* It is the quality o'th' climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink ? I find not  
My self dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I, my spirits are nimble :  
They fell together all, as by consent  
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy *Sebastian*—— O, what might—— no more.  
And yet, methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking ?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak ?

*Seb.* I do ; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep : what is't thou didst say ?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving ;  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble *Sebastian*,  
Thou leav'st thy fortune sleep ; die rather : wink'st  
Whilst thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom. You  
Must be so, if you heed me ; which to do,  
Troubles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well : I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so : to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O !

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,

Whilst

Whilst thus you mock it; how in stripping it  
 You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed,  
 Most often do so near the bottom run,  
 By their own fear or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee say on,  
 The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
 A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
 Which throws thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus Sir:  
 Although this lord of weak remembrance; this  
 Who shall be of as little memory  
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded  
 (For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
 Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive;  
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,  
 As he that sleeps here, swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
 That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
 What great hope have you? no hope that way, is  
 Another way so high an hope that even  
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,  
 That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me who's the next heir of *Naples*?

*Seb.* *Claribel*.

*Ant.* She that is queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells  
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*  
 Can have no † note, unless the sun were post,  
 (The man i'th' moon's to slow) 'till new-born chins  
 Be rough, and razorable; (a) for whom  
 We were sea-swallow'd, tho' some cast again,  
 May by that destiny perform an act;  
 Whereof, what's past is prologue, what to come  
 Is yours, and my discharge——

*Seb.* What stuff is this? how say you?  
 'Tis true, my bother's daughter's queen of *Tunis*,

---

† No advices by letter.

(a) From.

So is the heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose ev'ry cubit  
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*  
Measure us back to *Naples*? keep in *Tunis*  
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse  
Than now they are: there be that can rule *Naples*  
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate  
As amply, and unnecessarily  
As this *Gonzalo*; I my self could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember  
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

*Ant.* True:  
And look how well my garments fit upon me,  
Much feater than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But for your conscience.

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lyes that? if 'twere a kybe  
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom. Ten consciences  
That stand 'twixt me and *Milan*, candied be they,  
And melt ere they molest. Here lies your brother——  
No better than the earth he lyes upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for ay might put  
This ancient morsel, this sir prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock, to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.*



*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Milan*,  
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword, one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,  
And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together :  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

*Seb.* But one word.

*Enter Ariel with musick and song.*

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth  
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

*[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

*While you here do snoring lye,*

*Open-ey'd conspiracy*

*His time doth take :*

*If of life you keep a care,*

*Shake off slumber, and beware.*

*Awake ! awake !*

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels preserve the king.

*[They wake.*

*Alon.* Why how now ho? awake? why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* While we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?  
It strook mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;  
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.  
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd, as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,

Thats

# The T E M P E S T. 31

That's (a) verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard ;  
Or that we quit this place ; let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground, and let's make further  
For my poor son. (search

*Gon.* Heav'ns keep him from these beasts :  
For he is sure i'th' island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

*Ari.* *Prospero*, my lord, shall know what I have done.  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. (Exeunt.

## S C E N E II. *Changes to another part of the Island.*

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood ; a noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease : his spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,  
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,  
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me.  
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after bite me ; then like hedg-hogs, which  
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot-way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall ; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness. Lo ! now ! lo !

*Enter Trinculo.*

Here comes a spirit of his now to torment me,  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat,  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*Tri.* Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any wea-  
ther at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing  
i'th' wind : yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks  
like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should  
thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my

---

(a) *Verily.*

head :

head : yond same cloud cannot chuse but fall bypailfuls—  
 what have we here, a man or a fish ? dead or alive ? a fish ?  
 he smells like a fish : a very antient and fish-like smell. A  
 kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John* : a strange fish !  
 were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this  
 fish painted, not an holy-day-fool there but would give a  
 piece of silver. There would this monster make a man ;  
 any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not  
 give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten  
 to see a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a man ! and his fins like  
 arms ! warm o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion,  
 hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath  
 lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt, alas ! the storm is come  
 again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine :  
 there is no other shelter hereabout ; misery acquaints a  
 man with strange bedfellows : I will here throw'd 'till  
 the dregs of the storm be past.

S C E N E III. *Enter Stephano singing.*

*Ste.* *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.*  
 This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's  
 Funeral : well, here's my comfort. ( Drinks. )

*Sings.* *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,*  
*The gunner, and his mate,*  
*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian and Margery,*  
*But none of us car'd for Kate ;*  
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*  
*Would cry to a sailor go hang :*  
*She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,*  
*Yet a taylor might scratch her where e'er she did itch.*  
*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*  
 This is a scurvy tune too :  
 But here's my comfort. ( Drinks. )

*Cal.* Do not torment me : oh !

*Ste.* What's the matter ?

Have we devils here ?

Do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde* ?  
 ha ? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your  
 four legs ? for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever  
 went



went on four legs cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils

*Cal.* The spirit torments me : oh !

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs ; who has got, as I take it, an ague : where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that : if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee ; I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in a fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest : he shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it would go near to remove his fit : if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : now *Prosper* works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat ; open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

*Tri.* I should know that voice :

It should be ———

But he is drown'd ; and these are devils ; O ! defend me.

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster : his forward voice now is to speak of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : come ! *Amen* ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Tri.* *Stephano.*

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me ? mercy ! mercy ! this is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

*Tri.* *Stephano* ! if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and

Speak to me ; for I am *Trinculo* ; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

*Ste.* If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed : how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? can he vent *Trinculo's* ?

*Tri.* I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke ; but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano* ? I hope now thou art not drown'd : is the storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm : and art thou living *Stephano* ? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* escap'd ?

*Ste.* Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, and if they be not sprights : that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor : I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou scape ?  
How cam'st thou hither ?

Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither : I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd o'er-board, by this bottle ! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject ; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here : swear then how escap'dst thou.

*Tri.* Sworn ashore, man, like a duck ; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book.  
Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Tri.* O *Stephano*, hast any more of this ?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man ; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid :  
How now, moon calf, how does thine ague ?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropt from heav'n ?

*Ste.* Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her ; and I do adore thee : my mistress shew'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

*Ste.*

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*Ste.* Come swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Tri.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow monster:

The man i'th' moon?

A most poor credulous monster:

Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' isle; and I will kiss thy foot: I pray thee be my god.

*Tri.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear my self thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then; down, and swear.

*Tri.* I shall laugh my self to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him.

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Tri.* But that the poor monster's in drink:  
An abominable monster.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve;

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

*Tri.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pray thee let me bring thee where crabs grow, and I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee to clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pray thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here; bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Caliban sings drunkenly.*

*Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.*

*Tri.* A howling monster; a drunken monster!



Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.  
Ban', Ban', cacalyban

Has a new master, get a new man. (freedom.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day freedom, freedom, hey-day

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. (Exeunt.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

### Prospero's Cave.

*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*

*Ferdinand.*

THERE be some sports are painful, but their labour  
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends; this my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures: O she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;  
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
Upon a fore injunction; my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness  
Had never like executor; I forget;  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
(a) Least busie, when I do it.

*Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance unseen.*

*Mira.* Alas, now pray you,  
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoind to pile:  
Pray set it down and rest you; when this burns  
'Twill weep for having weary'd you; my father  
Is hard at study, pray now rest your self,

(a) Most busie least.

He's

He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature,  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.* It would become me,  
As well as it does you ; and I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good-will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*Pro.* Poor worm, thou art infected,  
This visitation shews it.

*Mira.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me,  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, )  
What is your name ?

*Mira.* *Miranda.* O my father,  
I have broke your heart to say so.

*Fer.* Admir'd *Miranda* !  
Indeed the top of admiration, worth  
What's dearest to the world ; full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time  
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought me too diligent ear ; for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women, never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*Mira.* I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you good friend,

And

And my dear father ; how features are abroad  
 I am skilless of ; but by my modesty,  
 The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
 Any companion in the world but you ;  
 Nor can imagination form a shape,  
 Besides your self, to like of ; but I prattle  
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
 I do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
 A prince, *Miranda*, I do think a king ;  
 ( I would not so, ) and would no more endure  
 This wooden slavery, than I would suffer  
 The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak ;  
 The very instant that I saw you, did  
 My heart fly to your service, there resides  
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake  
 Am I this patient log-man.

*Mira.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
 And crown what I profess with kind event,  
 If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert  
 What best is boaded me, to mischief ! I,  
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,  
 Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool  
 To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pro.* Fair encounter  
 Of two most rare affections ! heav'ns rain grace  
 On that which breeds between 'em.

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
 What I desire to give, and much less take  
 What I shall die to want : but this is trifling,  
 And all the more it seeks to hide it self,  
 The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning,  
 And prompt me plain and holy innocence.  
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
 If not, I'll dye your maid : to be your fellow  
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
 Whether you will or no.

*Fer.*



*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart so willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell  
'Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand, thousand. ( *Exeunt.*

*Pro.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoycing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining. ( *Exit.*

S C E N E II. *The other Part of the Island.*

*Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.*

*Ste.* Tell not me; when the butt is out we will drink  
water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board  
'em, servant monster; drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant monster! the folly of this island! they  
say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them,  
if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant monster, when I bid thee; thy  
eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else; he were a brave  
monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack;  
for my part the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could  
recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by  
this light thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my  
standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list, he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lye like dogs, and yet  
say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a  
good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? let me lick thy shooc;  
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.*

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*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to day? wilt thou tell me a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Will thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

*Enter Ariel invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, A forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more; proceed.

*Cal.* I say by sorcery he got this isle, From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compass'd?  
Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.*

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*Cal.* What a pyde ninny's this? thou scurvy patch!  
I do beseech thy greatness give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him  
Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, run into no further danger:  
Interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand  
I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of  
thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing;  
I'll go no farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he ly'd?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. (*Beats him.*)  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits and  
hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can sack and drinking do:  
A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fin-  
gers.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ste.* Now forward with your tale; pr'ythee stand fur-  
ther off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough; after a little time  
I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further; come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
I'th afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,  
Having first seiz'd his books! or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am; and hath not  
One spirit to command. They all do hate him  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;  
He has brave utensils, for so he calls them,  
Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider, is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman

But



But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she;  
 But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*  
 As greatest does the least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I  
 will be king and queen, save our graces: and *Trinculo*  
 and thy self shall be vice-roys.

Dost thou like the plot, *Trinculo*?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:  
 But while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep;  
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on my honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;  
 Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch  
 You taught me but whileare?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason,  
 And reason: come on, *Trinculo* let us sing. *(sings.*

*Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;*  
*Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

*(Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is the same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture  
 of no-body.

*Ste.* If thou be'st a man, shew thy self in thy likeness;  
 If thou be'st a devil, take 't as thou list.

*Trin.* O forgive me my sins.

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.  
 Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afraid?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,  
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,

That

That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again ; and then in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd  
I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
Where I shall have my musick for nothing.

*Cal.* When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by :  
I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away ;  
Let's follow it, and after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster ;  
We'll follow. I would I could see this taborer :  
He lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come ?  
I'll follow *Stephano*.

(*Exeunt*)

S C E N E III. *Changes again.*

*Enter* Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,  
Francisco, &c.

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir,  
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod indeed  
Through forth rights and meanders : by your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am my self attach'd with weariness  
To th' dulling of my spirits ; sit down and rest :  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer : He is drown'd,  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.  
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd t' effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage will we take throughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to night ;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they

Will

Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* I say to night : no more.

*Solemn and strange Musick, and Prospero on the top invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation, and inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet musick!

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heaven; what are these?

*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*  
There is one tree, the phoenix throne, one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both:

And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*Gon.* If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say I saw such islanders:  
(For certes these are people of the island)  
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet note  
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pro.* Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse,  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,  
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pro.* Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-  
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

(machs.  
*Alon.*



*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,  
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which now we find  
Each putter out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last; no matter, since I feel  
The best is past. Brother, my lord, the duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

S C E N E IV.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in't, the never surfeited sea  
Hath caus'd to belch you up; and on this island,  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live: I have made you mad;  
And even with such like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves: you fools, I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate; the elements  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowe that's in my plumb: my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,  
For that's my business to you, that you three  
From Milan did supplant good *Prospero*:  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures;  
 Against your peace : thee of thy son, *Alonso*,  
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,  
 Lingring perdition, worse than any death  
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways, whose wraths to guard you from,  
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
 Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's-sorrow,  
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder : then, to soft musick, enter the  
 shapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and car-  
 rying out the table.*

*Pro.* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
 Perform'd, my *Ariel* ; a grace it had devouring :  
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
 In what thou hadst to say : so with good life,  
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
 Their several kinds have done ; my high charms work,  
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
 In their distractions : they are in my power ;  
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit  
 Young *Ferdinand*, whom they suppose is drown'd,  
 And his, and my lov'd darling.

*Gon.* I'th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
 In this strange stare ?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !  
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it ;  
 The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
 The name of *Prosper* : it did base my trespass,  
 Therefore my son i'th' ooze is bedded ; and  
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded ;  
 And with him there lye mudded.

(Exit.

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.

(Exeunt.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate ; their great guilt,  
 Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,

Now

Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this extasie  
May now provoke them to.

*Adri.* Follow, I pray you.

(*Exeunt.*)

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Prospero's Cave.

*Enter* Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

*Pro.* I F I have too austere-ly punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live; who once again  
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test. Here afore heav'n  
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;  
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter.  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,  
With full and holy rite, be ministred,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heav'ns let fall  
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,  
Sour-eye'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,  
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,

With



With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust, to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration,  
 When I shall think or *Phæbus* steeds are founder'd,  
 Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke;  
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.  
 What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*.

S C E N E II. *Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last service  
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
 In such another trick; go bring the rabble,  
 O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place;  
 Incite them to quick motion, for I must  
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
 Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say come, and go,  
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;  
 Each one tripping on his toe,  
 Will be here with mop and mow.  
 Do you love me, master? No?

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach  
 Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive.

(*Exit.*)

*Pro.* Look thou be true; do not give dalliance  
 Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw  
 To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,  
 Or else good night your vow.

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir,  
 The white cold virgin-snow upon my heart,  
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pro.* Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a corolary,  
Rather than want a spirit, appear, and pertly.  
No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. *(Soft musick.)*

S C E N E III. *A Masque.*

*Enter Iris.*

*Iris.* *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease ;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;  
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,  
Which spungy *April*, at thy heft betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom  
Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves, *(groves,*  
Being las-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard,  
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,  
Where thou thy self do'st air ; the queen o'th'sky,  
Whose watry arch, and messenger, am I,  
Bids thee leave these, and with her sov'rain grace,  
Here on this grafs-plot, in this very place  
*(Juno descends.)*

To come, and sport ; her peacocks fly amain :  
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

*Enter Ceres.*

*Cer.* Hail many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers,  
And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown  
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grafs green ?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate,  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blest'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me heav'nly bow,  
If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,

Do now attend the queen? since they did plot  
The means, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter, got;  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society

Be not afraid; I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted; but in vain  
*Mars's* hot minion is return'd again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
And be a boy right-out.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,

'Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

*Jun.* How does my bounteous sister? go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

(*They sing.*)

*Jun.* Honour, riches, marriage blessing,  
Long continuance and encreasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you,  
*Juno* sings her blessings on you:  
Earth's increase, and foyson plenty,  
Barns and garners never empty,  
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,  
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:  
Spring come to you at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest:  
Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
*Ceres* blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestick vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly; may I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pro.* Spirits which by mine art  
I have from all their confines call'd, t'enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.*



*Fer.* Let me live here ever ;  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,  
Makes this place paradise.

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence :  
*Juno* and *Ceres* whisper seriously ;  
There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

*Iris.* You nymphs call'd *Nayades* of the winding brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green-land  
Answer your summons, *Juno* does command :  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of *August* weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;  
Make holy-day ; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited ; they joyn with the nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which to a strange, hollow and confused noise, they vanish.*

*Pro.* I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates,  
Against my life ; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. Well done, avoid ; no more.

*Fer.* This is strange ; your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never 'till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

*Pro.* You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd ; be chearful, sir,  
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,  
' As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
' Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
' And like the baseless fabrick of their vision,

' The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 ' The solemn temples, the great globe it self,  
 ' Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 ' And like this insubstantial pageant faded  
 ' Leave not a rack behind we are such stuff  
 ' As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 ' Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vext;  
 ' Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:  
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;  
 If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
 And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk  
 To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mira.* We wish you peace.

*(Exeunt.)*

*Pro.* Come with a thought, I thank thee, *Ariel*: come.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

*Pro.* Spirit, we must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander, when I presented *Ceres*  
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd  
 Lest I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;  
 So full of valour that they smote the air  
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
 Towards their project: then I beat my tabor,  
 At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,  
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
 As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,  
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,  
 Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
 O'er-stunk their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird;  
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still;  
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
 For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go.

*(Exit.)*  
*Pro.*

*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring: come hang them on this line.

*Enter Ariel loaden with glistening apparel, &c. Enter*

*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell. *(Fairy,*

*Ste.* Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harmless  
Has done little better than play'd the *Jack* with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which  
My nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should  
Take a displeasure against you; look you ———

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good me lord, give me thy favour still:  
Be patient for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore speak softly;  
All's hush't as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace, and dishonour in that,  
Monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting:  
Yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle,  
Tho' I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: see'st thou here,  
This is the mouth o'th' cell; no noise, and enter;  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,  
For ay thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand;  
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O king *Stephano*! O peer! O worthy *Stephano*!  
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee.

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

*Trin.* Oh, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a  
trippery, O king *Stephano*.

*Ste.*



*Ste.* Put off that gown, *Trinculo*, by this hand I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool; what do you mean To doat thus on such luggage? let's alone, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now jerkin you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't; wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes, With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey Mountain, hey.

*Ari.* Silver; there it goes, *Silver.*

*Pro.* Fury, Fury; there Tyrant, there; hark, hark; Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar.

*Pro.*

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*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies;  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little  
Follow, and do me service.

*(Exeunt.)*

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A C T V. S C E N E. I.

*Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.*

*Pro.* N O W does my project gather to a head;  
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and  
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day? *(time*

*Ari.* On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so  
When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, sir,  
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.  
They cannot budge 'till your release. The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord *Gonzalo*.  
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops  
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Do'st thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not my self,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply

Passion'd

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Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?  
 Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,  
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,  
 Do I take part ; the rarer action is  
 In virtue than in vengeance ; they being penitent,  
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
 Not a frown further : go release them, *Ariel* ;  
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
 And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir.

(*Exit.*)

S C E N E II.

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and  
 groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him  
 When he comes back ; you demy puppets that  
 by moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,  
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid,  
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd  
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
 Set roaring war ; to the dread ratling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove's* stout oak  
 With his own bolt : the strong bas'd promontory  
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up  
 The pine and cedar : graves at my command  
 Have wak'd their sleepers ! op'd, and let 'em forth  
 By my so potent art. But this rough magick  
 I here abjure ; and when I have requir'd  
 Some heav'nly musick, which even now I do,  
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that  
 This airy charm is for) I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
 I'll drown my book.

(*Solemn musick.*)

*Here*



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*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks:*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull; there stand,  
For you are spell-stopt.  
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,  
Fall fellowy drops—the charm dissolves apace,  
' And as the morning steals upon the night,  
' Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
' Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
' Their clearer reason. O my good *Gonzalo*,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces  
Home both in word and deed.——Most cruelly  
Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;  
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*. Flesh and blood,  
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*,  
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)  
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural tho' thou art. Their understanding  
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,  
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me——*Ariel*,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;  
I will discase me, and my self present,  
As I was sometime *Milan*: quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.*

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a Cowslip's bell I lye:*

*There*

*There I couch when Owls do cry.  
On the Bat's back I do fly  
After Summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

*Pro.* Why that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art;  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,  
Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I pr'ythee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. (Exit.)

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement  
Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country..

*Pro.* Lo, sir king,  
The wronged duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Bee'st thou he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse  
Beats as of flesh and blood, and since I saw thee  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which  
I fear a madness held me; this must crave,  
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:  
Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should *Prospero*  
Be living and be here?

*Pro.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilities o'th' isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain : welcome, my friends all.  
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his highness frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors ; at this time  
I will tell no tales.

*Seb.* The devil speaks in him.

*Pro.* No !

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest faults ; all of them ; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know  
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou beest *Prospero*,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation,  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
Were wrackt upon this shore ! where I have lost,  
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is !)  
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

*Pro.* I am woe for't sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss, and patience  
Says, it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather think  
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace,  
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest my self content.

*Alon.* You the like loss ?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late, and insupportable ;  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter ?

O heav'ns ! that they were living both in *Naples*,  
The king and queen there ; that they were, I wish  
My self were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lyes. When did you lose your daughter ?

*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive these lords  
At this Encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think

Their



Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
 Are natural breath : but howsoe'er you have  
 Been jussled from your senses, know for certain  
 That I am *Prospero*, and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of *Milan*, who most strangely  
 Upon this shore where you were wrackt, was landed  
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
 This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,  
 And subjects none abroad; pray you look in;  
 My dukedom since you have given me again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing,  
 At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,  
 As much as me my dukedom.

S C E N E IV. *Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand  
 and Miranda playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dear love,  
 I would not for the world.

*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
 And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
 A vision of the island, one dear son  
 Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle!

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;  
 I have curs'd them without cause.

*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
 Of a glad father compass thee about;  
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mira.* O! wonder!  
 How many goodly creatures are there here?  
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
 That has such people in't.

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.

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*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal ;  
But by immortal providence she's mine ;  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice ; nor thought I had one : she  
Is daughter to this famous duke of *Milan*,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers ;  
But oh, how odly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness ?

*Pro.* There, sir, stop ;  
Let us not burthen our remembrance with  
An heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I've inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown :  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

*Alon.* I say *Amen Gonzalo*.

*Gon.* Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue  
Should become kings of *Naples* ! O rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
In gold on lasting pillars : in one voyage  
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis* ;  
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,  
Where he himself was lost ; *Prospero*, his dukedom,  
In a poor isle ; and all of us, our selves,  
when no man was his own.

*Alon.* Give me your hands :  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not wish you joy.

*Gon.* Be it so, *Amen*,

S C E N

## SCENE V.

*Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look sir, look sir, here are more of us!  
 I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land  
 This fellow could not drown: now, blasphemy,  
 That swear't grace o'er board, not an oath on shore?  
 Hast thou no mouth by land?  
 What is the news?

*Boatsf.* The best news is, that we have safely found  
 Our king and company; the next, our ship,  
 Which but three glasses since we gave out split,  
 Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
 We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* Sir, all this service  
 Have I done since I went.

*Pro.* My tricksey spirit.

*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen  
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

*Boatsf.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
 And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,  
 Where, but even now with strange and several noises  
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,  
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
 We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:  
 Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld  
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
 Capring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,  
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
 And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* Was't well done?

*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence; thou shalt be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,  
 And there is in this business more than nature  
 Was ever conduct of; some oracle  
 Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pro.*



*Pro.* Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure,  
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,  
Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
These happen'd accidents; 'till when be chearful,  
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;  
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:  
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir?  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let  
No man take care for himself; for all is  
But fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monster, *Coragio*.

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
Here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits indeed!  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha;  
What things are these, my lord *Antonio*!  
Will money buy 'em?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true: this mishap'd knave,  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command without her power:  
These three have robb'd me, and this demy-devil,  
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them  
To take my life; two of these fellows you  
Must know and own, this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* I shall be pinch't to death.

*Alon.* Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now:

Where had he wine?

*Alon.* And *Trinculo* is reeling-ripe; where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd 'em?  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,  
That I fear me will never out of my bones:  
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now *Stephano*?

*Ste.* O touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp-

*Pro.* You'd be king o'th' isle, firrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a fore one then.

*Alon.* 'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape: go, firrah, to my cell,  
Take with you your companions; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass  
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?  
And worship this dull fool?

*Pro.* Go to, away. (found it.)

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

*Seb.* Or stole it rather.

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest  
For this one night, which, (part of it) I'll waste  
With such discourse, as I not doubt shall make it  
Go quick away; the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*.  
Where I have hope to see the nuptials  
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;  
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.*

# The T E M P E S T.

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*Alon.* I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pro.* I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off: my *Ariel*, chick,  
That is thy charge: Then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you draw near.

*(Exeunt omnes.)*



G

E P I-



# EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Prospero.

**N**OW my charms are all o'er-thrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own;  
Which is most faint: and now 'tis true  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell;  
But release me from my bands,  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. For now I want  
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy it self, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.



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